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ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Are you acquainted with Sir John Suckling's "Ballad on a Wedding"—the marriage of Lord Broghill, if I mistake not? Of course, you know your Suckling, and are "up" in the airy stanza descriptive of the bride:

Her cheeks, so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison
(Who sees them is undone).
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin
Compar'd with that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it new!).
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on a sun in July.

Surely there has rarely been sung a more melodious epithalamium. But you know it, I daresay, by heart. Handel's Occasional Overture and Mendelssohn's Wedding March? you hear those magnificent compositions well with the ears of your mind. And Wedding Cake? You are fond of that luscious and not always indigestible compound, I trust. You have seen the pictures of the Royal Wedding Cake as designed, modelled, and manufactured by Messrs. Bolland, of Chester, historic bride-cake makers for Royal Weddings. That is all. Go away, and marry or be given in marriage. I have had enough of Hymen, this week, to last me for a long time.

On the occasion of a Royal marriage or a Royal funeral in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the representatives of that press with which nobody can do without, but which most people unite in vilifying and sneering at, are admitted to the organ-loft: from which point of espial they have an excellent view both of the ceremony at the altar and the Royal processions in the nave. I have seen a good many of these pageants during the last two score years, from the marriage of the Prince of Wales downwards; and the spectacle of Thursday, the twenty-seventh ultimo, was scarcely calculated to arouse exceptional enthusiasm. All, however, was done in a very handsome and comely manner; and the scene was a very glittering and dignified one. It would have been more splendid had the Knights of the Garter present wore their blue velvet robes, as they did on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's union with the Princess Alexandra.

Your appreciation of a grand Court Show is not enhanced by the consciousness that, when the pomps and vanities are over, you have to hurry up to London and make three columns and a half of printed matter out of that which could very fitly be narrated in fifty lines; and there is little inducement to feel unusually festive in the uncertainty as to whether you will be able to obtain any lunch, and the absolute certainty that you will not get any dinner until past midnight. The penny-a-liners are, no doubt, a reprehensible crew; still, the creatures must feed, and are as liable as more reputable persons to the pangs of hunger, and the throes of thirst.

Add to the Royal Wedding the private views of the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery, each followed by six hours' hard labour (not for this, but for another journal), and add to these "Odette" at the Haymarket, a couple of leading articles, a journey to Nottingham to be present at the distribution of prizes at the Local School of Art, and the putting together these present "Echoes," all in the course of eight days, and you will grant, I think, that the lot of "the compiler of gossip" is not altogether a happy one. Now I do not add to the galley slave's work of the week the opening of some seventy-five letters. There they lie. Their seals and gummed flaps are yet intact. Aha! But it is wicked to grumble. Think of the long hours, hard work, and scant pay of railway guards, signalmen, and ticket-collectors; of omnibus drivers, and barmaids at railway buffets; of linendrapers' assistants, male and female; of Manchester warehousemen's "entering" clerks; of costermongers and Italian organ grinders.

In proposing the health of the King of the Netherlands, the eloquent President of the Royal Academy observed at the banquet on Saturday last, that his Majesty was the son of the gallant Prince who "fought and gloriously bled under the flag of England, and in command of English troops, on the field of Quatre Bras." "Why, Cert'nly!" as Mr. Burnand's "Colonel" would say. But did not the father of the King of the Netherlands likewise fight and bleed as gloriously at the "King-making victory," Waterloo itself? Here is the record, from the Duke's own Waterloo despatch:—

His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange distinguished himself by his gallantry and conduct, till he received a wound from a musket-ball through the shoulder, which obliged him to quit the field.

Of course Miss Cornelia Knight, in her autobiography, has a great deal to say respecting the "Waterloo" Prince of Orange, who came to England in 1814, with the Allied Sovereigns, and was so very near marrying our Princess Charlotte. Miss Knight tells us that both the Prince Regent and the Tsar Alexander of Russia tried their hardest to induce the Princess to accept the hand of the young gentleman from the Hague; and Queen Charlotte had even undertaken to purchase her granddaughter's wedding clothes, "telling her that she need only have one Court dress, as hoop petticoats were not worn in Holland." But the Princess resolutely refused to leave England "without an Act of Parliament." In the very next page to that in which Miss Knight recites the rupture of the betrothal to the Prince of Orange one reads:—

It is said that I and the servants were to be dismissed, and that an apartment was being fitted up for the Princess Charlotte at Carlton House. Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, a handsome young man, a general in the Russian service, brother-in-law to the Grand Duke Constantine, and a great favourite of the Emperor of Russia, told Miss Mercer Elphinstone many of these particulars. . . . He paid many compliments to the Princess Charlotte, who was by no means partial to him, and only received him with civility. However, Miss Mercer evidently wished to recommend him; and when we drove in the park he would ride near the carriage and endeavour to be noticed. . . . In the mean time it was reported that he was frequently at Warwick House, and had even taken tea with us,

which not one of the Princes had done, except Prince Radzivil, whom we invited to sing and accompany himself on the guitar.

Two years afterwards the Princess Charlotte was to become the bride of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. Shortly after their nuptials the illustrious pair went to Drury Lane Theatre to witness the then new tragedy of "Bertram," in which the principal character was sustained by Edmund Kean. After the tragedy "God Save the King" was sung, with three additional stanzas, in honour of the occasion. The last two stanzas I quote:—

Long may the Noble line
Whence she descended shine
In Charlotte the Bride.
Grant it perpetuate,
And ever make it great:
On Leopold blessings wait,
And Charlotte the bride.

L'homme propose et Dieu dispose. In November, 1817, the Princess Charlotte died; and her widowed husband was destined to become King of the Belgians, and to re-marry a daughter of Louis Philippe, King of the French.

I read in the *World*—

I see in the current number of the *Illustrated News*, that "G. A. S." relates the old story of Thackeray being too late for *Punch* with a certain copy of verses, and a little huffed with Mark Lemon, sending them in consequence to the *Times*. These verses, he says, were not those known as the "Crystal Palace," but the "May-Day Ode," which is another sort of thing altogether. But is this so? Anthony Trollope, in his little life of Thackeray ("English Men of Letters"), exactly reverses the contention of G. A. S. He tells the story with much detail of circumstance, quotes a few stanzas, and adds, "in the *Times* of next Monday it appeared—very much, I should think, to the delight of the readers of that august newspaper." A reference to the files of that "august newspaper" would settle the matter, of course; but my library is not yet of dimensions sufficient to contain so very bulky a work.

My dear "Atlas," this paragraph of yours is simply the outcome of the deplorable failing called indolence. I said last week in these "Echoes" that Mr. Thackeray's poem on the Great Exhibition of 1851, which appeared in *Punch*, was not the "May-Day Ode" on the same subject which appeared in the *Times*. Now I am convinced, my "Atlas," that, although your shelves may not be cumbered with piles of the *Times* newspaper, from the year '51 downwards, you do possess a set of the *édition de luxe* of the Works of William Makepeace Thackeray, in twenty-four volumes, London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1879. If you will only take the trouble to turn to Vol. XXI., p. 42, you will find the "May-Day Ode," beginning—

But yesterday a naked sod,
The dandies sneered from Rotten Row,
And canter'd on it to and fro,
And see 'tis done!
As though 'twere by a wizard's rod,
A blazing arch of lucid glass
Leaps like a fountain from the grass
To meet the sun.

This is the "May-Day Ode" which first saw the light in the *Times*. Then, my "Atlas," turn to page 216 of the same volume, and you will find, in the "Lyra Hibernica" section of Mr. Thackeray's ballads, a set of verses entitled "The Crystal Palace," in one of which occurs the precise reference to Sir Henry (then Mr.) Cole which I mentioned last week. The verse in question is in page 218:—

I seen (thank Grace!)
This wondrous place
(His Noble Honour, Mither
H. Cole it was
That gave the pass
And let me see what is there).

This is the Exhibition poem which (as I pointed out) was printed in *Punch*. The two compositions are wholly distinct and dissimilar; and the London *World* is not the *New York World*; and fleas are not lobsters (as Sir Joseph Banks is said to have said), my "Atlas."

It is scarcely "Atlas," I should say, but rather one of his Smart Young Men, who, in suggesting the correction of some typographical errors in the catalogue of the Grosvenor Gallery, remarks:—

No. 17, "Che sara sara," by Mr. Britten, wants some accents to be right; if with a couple of acutes over the final *a*'s, it is the Bedford motto; if with a note of exclamation after the *che*, it might signify surprise at the Bernhardt-Damalas bridal.

It happens that the final *a*'s in the "Bedford motto" take, not acute but grave accents:—"Che sarà sarà."

We have all been reading about the lamentable rent disturbances in the Isle of Skye, and of the committal of sundry Skye "crofters" for trial on a charge of "deforcement and assault, combined or alternatively." My pleasant and instructive contemporary, the *Leisure Hour*, observes that land agitation is, unhappily, no new thing in Skye, and reminds us that when Dr. Johnson visited the Hebrides "he was much dissatisfied at hearing heavy complaints of rents racked and people driven to emigration," and that he said that "if an oppressive chieftain were the subject of a French King he would probably be admonished by a *lettre de cachet*." The Johnsonian sentiment was altogether right and just; but practically, no French Seigneur who rack-rented his tenants would have been in the slightest danger of incurring the Royal displeasure. The French peasantry were, prior to the Revolution, "taillables et corvéables à merci," liable to grievous imposts and to forced labour at the absolute discretion of their lords; and what little skin was left upon them by the landowners was flayed off them by the Farmers General acting for the Crown. The most indulgent landlords were the superiors of the great monasteries.

"An Indignant Matron" has written to a morning contemporary, commenting, in terms of justifiable warmth, on a spectacle which she recently witnessed in front of the railway station in High-street, Kensington. She saw a group of women, with baskets full of flowers, not seated under the covered front of the station, and thus protected from the pouring rain; but standing in a row in the gutter: their feet in pools of water, their bonnets, shawls, and dresses exposed

to the drenching rain. On inquiring from a woman from whom the Indignant Matron bought her flower, she was informed that the railway authorities had forbidden them to take shelter under the porch of the station, and that they were forced, from fear of the police, to stand in the road; "while the shelter which might so properly have been occupied by them was, on this occasion, taken up by a lot of low roughs, who, with pipes in their mouths, in lazy attitudes, and constantly using the lowest language, made the place unapproachable by a lady and a child."

The "Indignant Matron" may or may not be aware that for some time past there has been in existence a Flower-Girls' Mission and a Flower-Girls' Brigade, in which the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and other kind-hearted ladies take an active and beneficent interest. Every effort is made to foster habits of temperance and respectability among these hard-working women; and highly successful measures have been adopted to wean the younger girls from the always perilous life of the streets, and to provide for them homes where they are taught the pretty and after a time remunerative art of making artificial flowers. As regards the sellers of natural flowers, I can scarcely believe that either the railway companies or the police would wantonly prevent those whom I may call the Baroness Burdett-Coutts girls from plying their trade, so long as they behave themselves properly and do not unnecessarily obstruct the pavement.

It is necessary, at the same time, to point out that there is a considerable number of flower-girls and women who have nothing to do with the Mission or the Brigade—who are habitually disorderly, and often intemperate—who are importunate and insolent, and who, on occasion, launch out in language quite as vile as that indulged in by the street roughs "with short pipes in their mouths, and in lazy attitudes." What kind of flower-girls are to be found near the station of the Underground Railway in High-street, Kensington, I do not know; but I do know that in the neighbourhood where I take the liberty of residing—that of the St. Pancras and King's-cross termini—the *bouquetières* are simply a detestable nuisance. The best are the old women, who are usually Irish, and as civil as they are industrious—and, I am sorry to say, rheumatic. The majority of the younger ones are impudent hussies.

I learn that on Friday, the Twelfth of May, a grand Ball is to be given in the new ball-room at Bailey's Hotel, South Kensington, in aid of the funds of that excellent undertaking, the Ladies' Work Society, in Sloane-street, S.W. The South Kensington Ball will be under the immediate patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Leopold (Duke of Albany), Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and a host of great ladies; while in the list of stewards I find the names, among others, of the Dukes of Norfolk and Portland, Lord Yarborough, Sir George Arthur, Colonel Stanley Clarke, and Mr. Charles Hull. It is to be a *crème de la crème* festivity, and tickets can only be obtained from the Lady Patronesses and from Miss Natali at the offices of the Ladies' Work Society as aforesaid.

I have been particular in mentioning the *crème de la crème* for the reason that the esteemed firm who conduct the important establishment called Willis's Rooms have just courteously sent me, as a curiosity, some Lady and Gentlemen "vouchers" for Almacks' Balls—the old original Almacks, be it fully understood, not the new. Fifty years ago how many fair damsels would have given—well, not their pretty ears perhaps, but certainly as much silver and gold as the most indulgent of papas could bestow on them, for one of these little quadrangular bits of cardboard with a little red seal in the corner! "Gentlemen's Voucher. Almacks. Deliver to"—here is a blank—"Three Tickets for the Balls on the Thursdays." "Ladies' Voucher. Assembly, King-street, St. James's. Almacks. The Sixth." *Vieux Habits, vieux Galons!*

How dangerous it is to be dogmatic *in re* "Mark" is shown in a courteous letter from "G. B.," who refers me to the Shakspeare of 1821, twenty-one volumes, frequently called "Boswell's Edition." In the "Othello," vol. ix., p. 233, Act i., sc. 1, occurs the following note on "Bless the Mark!" "Kelly," in his comments on Scots proverbs, observes that the Scots, when they compare person to person, use the expression "Save the Mark." My correspondent, however, finds the phrase in Churchyard's "Tragical Discourse of a Dolorous Gentlewoman," &c., A.D. 1593:—

Not beauty here I claim by this my talke,
For brown and blacke I was, God bless the Mark;
Who calls me fair doth scarce know cheese from chalke.

And "G. B." adds, "It is singular that both Shakspeare and Churchyard should have used this term of words with reference to a black person." But Stevens says, "Our author uses it in 'Henry IV.' Part I., without any such reference—

Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark."

"If this writing," concludes "G. B.," "is not so distinct as you might wish, be pleased to attribute it to the great age of the writer—eighty-eight years." We will wind up our "mark-et overt" this week, if you please, with an extract from Dr. Brewer. Copies have been sent by fifty correspondents.

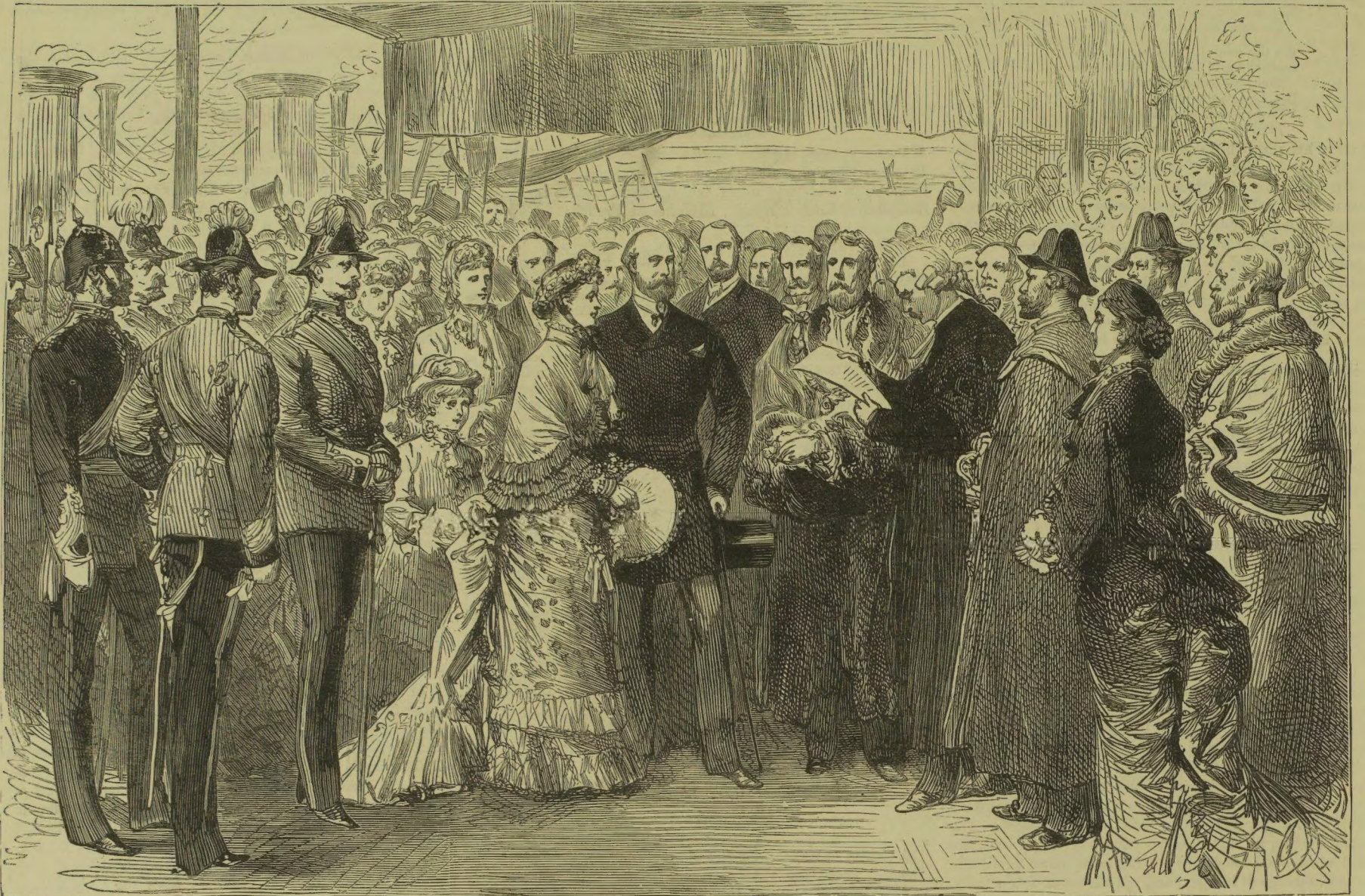
In "Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," Twelfth Edition, p. 790, is found the following:—

In archery, when an archer shot well it was customary to cry out "God save the mark!"—i.e., prevent anyone coming after to hit the same mark and displace my arrow. Ironically it is said to a novice whose arrow is nowhere, God save the mark! ("I. Henry IV.," i. 3). Hotspur, apologising to the King for not sending the prisoners according to command, says the messenger was a "popinjay" who made him mad with his unmanly ways, and who talked like a waiting gentlewoman of guns, drums, and wounds (God save the mark!)—meaning that he himself had been in the brunt of battle, and it would be sad indeed if "his mark" was displaced by the Court butterfly. The whole scope of the speech is lost sight of by the ordinary interpretation—"May the scars of my wounds never be effaced" (God save my scars).

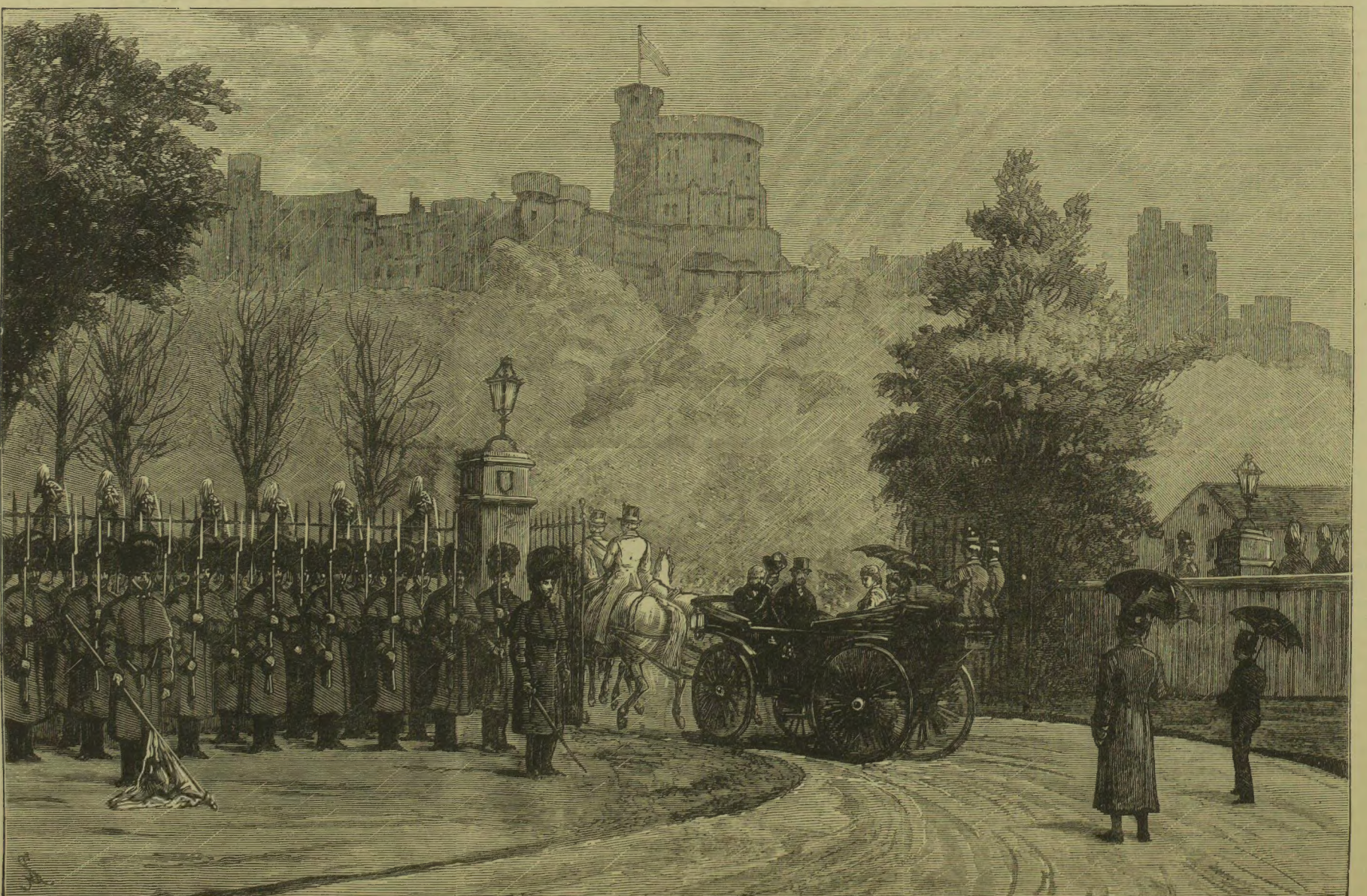
But what is Dr. Brewer's authority for claiming "Save the Mark" as a term of archery?

G. A. S.

T H E R O Y A L W E D D I N G .



ARRIVAL OF PRINCESS HELEN IN ENGLAND: THE WELCOME AT QUEENBOROUGH.



ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCESS AT WINDSOR.



THE ROYAL WEDDING: THE QUEEN'S PROCESSION TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

When the excitement consequent on the decision of the Two Thousand was over, matters became very dull again at Newmarket last week, for the Thursday's card was a very poor one, and only attracted a small company to the heath, though there was a great improvement in the weather. In spite of the moderate nature of her previous performances, Belle Henriette started a great favourite for the First Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes, and won so easily that the eleven who finished behind her must be moderate indeed. Exile II. (7 st. 9 lb.), who carried 4 lb. overweight to enable Wood to ride him, had little difficulty in winning the April Handicap, and as Golden Eye (8 st. 12 lb.) was never "in it," he must be pretty speedy. A field of a dozen contested the newly-instituted Stud Produce Stakes. Lady Brooke, who disappointed her backers at Thirsk the other day, being once more made favourite. She was out of it a long way from home, and eventually Songless, a smart-looking little daughter of Balfe and Teardrop, won, after a hard struggle with Highland Chief, who is a son of Hampton. On Friday, the Gardena filly had only one to beat for a two-year-old race over the Rous Course; and, after two more races of only passing interest had been decided, the numbers of the runners for the One Thousand Guineas were hoisted. The field for this race promised, at one time, to be of unusual strength; but accident and illness have sadly thinned the ranks of our crack fillies, and only six starters could be got together. In 1875—Spinaway's year—there were the same number of runners; but, with that exception, we must go back to 1859 to find so small a field. Of course it did not look as though Shotover could be beaten, and, at last, as much as 4 to 1 was laid on her. St. Marguerite and Nellie had a few friends at 10 to 1; but nothing except these three daughters of Hermit was backed for a shilling. Shotover did not go by any means so freely and well as she had done on the Wednesday; and, some distance from home, it was noticed that Cannon was by no means comfortable on her. She was running head and head with St. Marguerite near the rails on the Stand side of the course, whilst Nellie, wide of the pair, was in the centre. The finish was desperately close and severe, and Fordham quite thought that he had won on Nellie; but when the numbers were hoisted it was found that St. Marguerite had beaten the favourite by a neck, whilst Nellie was a head behind Shotover. Granted that Shotover beat a very bad lot in the Two Thousand, and was none the better for her gallop through the heavy ground, still St. Marguerite's running behind Paragon and Zeus in the Craven week was so miserably bad, that the complete reversal of the form is perfectly astounding. This is the first good race Mr. Crawford has won this year, and we need hardly state that St. Marguerite is own sister to Thebaia, who secured this same event last season. Of course there was another change in the Derby betting, Shotover being relegated to a comparatively long price; and, as Barbe Bleue is said to be a certain runner in the French Derby, the Epsom event looks like being a match between Bruce and Kingdom. Proceedings wound up with a T.Y.C. match between Alfonso and Pebble, in which the odds laid on the former were cleverly upset.

Every effort—and a great many have been made—to restore the ancient Chester Meeting to its former importance has signally failed; and, though there was a fair number of spectators on the Roodee on Tuesday, many prominent south-country followers of racing preferred to patronise the Windsor gathering. Brotherhood easily upset the odds laid on the reguish Tower and Sword for the Grosvenor Trial Stakes; and then Camilla, a speedy daughter of Macaroni and Feronia, just managed to secure the Mostyn Stakes, though she was dying away to nothing at the finish. Archer won the last four races on the card, two of them for the Duke of Westminster; and though Petticoat was not so good a favourite as Maria in the Stamford Plate, she had little trouble in conceding a stone, and never ought to have succumbed to Pebble at the Craven Meeting. On Wednesday, Camilla had an easy victory in the Badminton Plate, and as she also conceded 14 lb. to Maria, the Duke of Westminster's filly must be very moderate. This year has been remarkable for the very small fields that have contested important races, and it is nearly fifty years ago since the starters for the Chester Cup numbered so few as seven. Retreat (8 st. 11 lb.) and Brown Bess (7 st. 8 lb.) were the only ones backed with much spirit; but Prudhomme (8 st. 4 lb.), who was second last year, proved the winner, after a good race with Pilgrim (7 st. 11 lb.), the pair having the finish to themselves.

On Monday Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, and Edward Trickett, of Sydney, sculled from Putney to Mortlake for £1000 and the championship of the world. There was, perhaps, the best attendance of spectators that we have ever seen at any professional match on the Thames; but they must have been tempted there mainly by the beautiful weather, and not by the expectation of seeing anything of a race, for we doubt if a dozen people altogether believed that—bar accident—Trickett had the remotest chance of success. Odds of 5 and 6 to 1 against him found very few takers prior to the start, and before the men had gone a couple of hundred yards, 20 to 1 could have been had for the asking. There never was, indeed, a semblance of a race, and it would be quite useless to attempt any detailed account of the procession over the course. Hanlan paddled along four or five lengths in front, stopping now and again to acknowledge the applause he received from the crowds assembled at various favourite points, to bale his boat out, &c., and eventually won by a quarter of a mile. As soon as he had passed the winning-post, he whipped round and sculled back to meet Trickett, to whom he gave a short start in the last hundred yards, and then beat him by a length or so. The champion has to meet Wallace Ross in Canada towards the end of next month, and if he defeats him, as he seems certain to do, he can scarcely hope to find any one else bold enough to encounter him.

Heavy rain and a perfect hurricane of wind quite spoilt the Second Spring Meeting of the London Athletic Club on Saturday, as it was impossible for any one to accomplish fast times under such adverse conditions. The grand tricycle meet at Barnes was also a failure from similar reasons, but another will be held at an early date. On Monday, W. G. George won the Ten Miles Challenge Cup at the Moseley Harriers sports by rather over half a mile. He covered the distance in the magnificent time of 52 min. 56½ sec., which beats the previous best on record by no less than 1 min. 37½ sec.

The Australian cricketers, who are going to play a series of matches in England during the present season, arrived on Wednesday.

A Parliamentary return shows the costs of the eight election commissions, from which it would appear that Macclesfield was the most expensive, with a total of £5064. Gloucester comes next with £4161; Oxford following, with £3781; Chester, with £3352; Boston, with £2760; Knaresborough, with £2258; Sandwich, with £2139; and Canterbury, bringing up the rear, with £1721.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Party antagonism has led to the initiation of another great change in Ireland. Mr. W. H. Smith's notice of motion in favour of encouraging peasant proprietorships, and the preliminary report of the Lords' Committee on the Land Act recommending the State to take up the benevolent position of a huge Building Society to enable Irish tenants to purchase their holdings, have in all probability had the effect of forcing the hands of the Government. Be that as it may, the grave and weighty announcements the Ministry had to make to Parliament on Tuesday brought about gatherings in both Houses equalling in interest the similar scenes witnessed when the late Government had to acknowledge the resignation of the Earl of Derby and the Earl of Carnarvon.

It was noticeable on Tuesday that the right hon. gentlemen who lead the Opposition, and a goodly number of Irish members, made a strategic movement from the Lower to the Upper House, the former privileged Privy Councillors clustering with a certain picturesque suggestiveness round the Throne, and the latter crowding the galleries, the aim of all being to hear the earliest Ministerial statement with regard to the official changes determined on in Ireland. Earl Granville, fresh from Windsor, rose with habitual urbanity to reply to the Marquis of Salisbury's questions. Approaching the table with an ease suggestive of the neat preparatory movements of an adroit boxer, the noble Earl first banteringly remonstrated with the late Foreign Secretary for springing upon him so many questions the previous day. Lord Granville displayed accustomed tact in making his revelations. There was perfect courtesy in the tribute paid to Earl Cowper, who had actually resigned some weeks ago, but left it to Mr. Gladstone to settle the most convenient date on which he should surrender the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. "Painful" was it to the noble Earl to have to add that Mr. Forster had resigned the post of Chief Secretary for Ireland. Her Majesty had been advised to appoint as Lord Cowper's successor Earl Spencer, who would retain his seat in the Cabinet and the office of Lord President of the Council, the duties of which, however, would be performed by Lord Carlingford, the Lord Privy Seal. Earl Granville added that the Government did not at present intend to renew the "Protection of Life and Property Act"—better known as the Coercion Act—but had under consideration a measure to strengthen in Ireland the hands of Justice, and guard property and person more efficaciously. The three members imprisoned—Messrs. Parnell, O'Kelly, and Dillon—would be released from Kilmainham; and the cases of the other "suspects" would be carefully weighed. As for the needed revision of the Land Act, the Government hoped soon to be in a position to define their proposals with regard to arrears of rent, and an amendment of the Bright clauses. Ere these important items could be digested, the members of the Lower House made haste back to their own Chamber to listen to the same tale as told by the Prime Minister.

Earlier in the afternoon, shortly after the House of Commons met at two o'clock, in accordance with the new rule for Tuesdays, it fortuitously happened that one of the closing acts of Mr. Forster as Minister for Ireland was to make it absolutely clear, in answer to a question from Mr. Sexton, that Lord Cowper had formally reprovved Inspector Smith for the indefensible clause in his circular to the constabulary force told off for the protection of Mr. Clifford Lloyd—the mischievous clause exonerating the constabulary from blame if they should happen to shoot an innocent man. Thereafter, the right hon. member for Bradford voted with the Government in the division against Mr. Lewis's motion for a new writ for Wigan, which was negatived on account of Wigan's peccadilloes on the score of bribery by 220 to 142 votes. But Mr. Forster was not in his place when, in an overcrowded House, and with the Duke of Cambridge and the Marquis of Salisbury conspicuous among the peers who looked down upon the thronged benches, Mr. Gladstone, in a marked tone of regret, fulfilled an unpalatable duty in an unexceptionable manner. The Prime Minister confirmed the explicit statement of the Foreign Secretary in "another place" that Earl Cowper had not resigned because of any difference of opinion with regard to Ministerial policy on Irish affairs. In similar terms did Mr. Gladstone refer to Earl Spencer as the new Viceroy; and to the release of the incarcerated Irish members. The consequent secession from the Ministry of Mr. Forster was alluded to in a sentence of high praise to the late Secretary for Ireland, who had discharged his onerous duties, the Premier said emphatically, "with such unwearied diligence, with such marked ability, and with such unfailing patriotism." Mr. Gladstone's explanation was received with some astonishment by the Opposition, and was subjected to more or less lively criticism by Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Chaplain, and Mr. Plunket, neat couplets being delivered by the latter two at the heads of the Ministry, who later received an acrid fire in the rear from Mr. Goschen, who, still shut out from the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, presumably found the rôle of "candid friend" congenial to him. But when Mr. Gibson, with more loudness than reason, attacked the Government, the Marquis of Hartington in a few vigorous and straightforward sentences warded off the blows with his usual good sense and cool judgment. It may be observed that Mr. Sexton, whose loyalty to his cause and resource as a debater have won for him general respect, was the chief mouthpiece of the Home Rulers in thanking Mr. Gladstone for the promise of substantial reforms in the Irish Land Act.

These changes in the Irish Executive are so engrossing that other questions appear insignificant by their side. The Session is three months old. Yet not a single bill of importance mentioned in the Queen's Speech has been introduced. Nor has a single proposal of the Government with regard to the reform of Procedure been agreed to. On Monday, after another evening devoted to the discussion, which brought up Mr. Bright with an acceptably clear speech on the Closure, which has become a sad necessity in the Lower House, a large majority—220 against 164—negatived Mr. O'Donnell's amendment, the purport of which was to make it obligatory on a Minister to prompt the Speaker before he could ask the House whether it was its pleasure to close a debate.

Mr. Forster was on Wednesday observed in close conversation with Mr. Bright on the Treasury bench; and the pending changes manifestly still occupied the attention of the House, albeit a Scottish Board Schools Bill for the protection of teachers from sudden dismissal was under consideration. On the promise of Mr. Mundella to facilitate the passing of a more effective bill this Session, Sir H. Maxwell withdrew his measure; and the rest of the afternoon was taken up with Mr. Stanhope's Church Patronage Bill, which was talked out.

The total amount realised by the ten-days' sale of the second portion of the Sunderland Library was £9376; the amount of the first ten-days' sale having been £19,377.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

FIRST NOTICE.

Macmillan for this month has several interesting contributions, but the only very striking one is the further instalment of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "Fortune's Fool." Utterly impossible as a story, and by no means free from affectation in its mysticism, this curious tale undoubtedly displays something of a seer's insight into the more mysterious workings of human nature, and such a power of exciting and controlling attention as has never been manifested in the author's previous writings. "A Little Pilgrim," a parable of the other life, is full of tenderness and spiritual beauty. Professor Jenkin supplements Professor Bell's not very interesting notes on Mrs. Siddons by some excellent remarks on the principles of acting, and the brightening prospects of the stage; and Lady Barker contributes a picturesque account of a visit to the lonely but peopled African islet of Rodrigues. Mr. Tylor controverts some of Mr. Herbert Spencer's views on hereditary customs, with the addition of many curious observations; and an anonymous writer contributes a very weighty warning of the danger which this country always runs of a sudden surprise from foreign nations, supposing that negligence on our part rendered such an undertaking practicable.

Blackwood has two especially remarkable papers. One is an analysis of a recent American novel entitled "Democracy," painting the corruption of public life at Washington in very lively colours, which, however, a moderate acquaintance with American politics shows to be caricatured in some respects at any rate. The other is a discussion, in whose vehemence and animation we seem to recognise the voice of a very eloquent æsthetic writer, of Mozart's claims to be regarded as the special representative of the German nationality in music. Oulibicheff's view that Mozart was a romanticist in music is controverted, and he is pronounced "the culminating product of that great musical life of the eighteenth century which was absolutely and essentially Italian." "Across the Yellow Sea" is a very delightful bit of travel, and "The State of Art in England" contains some sensible remarks. The number concludes with an obituary notice of the late Colonel Lockhart, author of "Fair to See," a great loss to the magazine and to the public.

Two generals of high reputation—Sir Lintorn Simmons and Sir E. Hamley—add, in the *Nineteenth Century*, their testimony to the authority of those who have protested against the Channel Tunnel for military reasons. Their discussion will hardly be balanced in public opinion by the counter-protest of M. Reinach, who is as scandalised that France should be thought capable of a treacherous surprise as though Tunis had never been occupied and no French Government had ever perpetrated a *coup d'état*. It would have been better if Mr. Arnold's essay on American culture, or the absence of it, had been deferred until he had visited the States. It would then have acquired the geniality especially requisite for the inoffensive communication of unpleasant truth. In substance Mr. Arnold is, no doubt, right; his manner might be amended, and is sometimes calculated to defeat his own very laudable object of enforcing an improved secondary education upon the United States. If Oxford professors are supercilious, Americans are susceptible. Lord Brabourne gives vigorous expression to the doubts and apprehensions of moderate Liberals, as Mr. Guinness Rogers does to the confidence of the more advanced section, who can detect no symptom of a waning of Mr. Gladstone's popularity in the country. The gem of the number is Dr. Jessopp's "Arcady of our Grandfathers," a most picturesque—in some respects pleasing, in others painful—delineation of the life of agricultural England in the early years of this century, derived in many particulars from the lips of aged relics of the past.

The most attractive contribution to *The Century* is Carlyle's Irish diary of 1849, not so much on account of Ireland as of Carlyle. It displays his incisiveness, graphic power, occasional discourtesy, impatience of bores and humbugs, and generally prompt recognition of worth and service. Mr. Lowell is the subject of a fine engraved portrait and a fair critical essay. A Jewess answers the Russian lady's extenuation of the Jewish persecution in Russia; and Mrs. Mitchell contributes another delightful and beautifully illustrated paper on Greek sculpture, treating of its post-Alexandrian or naturalistic period. The *Atlantic Monthly* is especially interesting for "Mad River," Longfellow's last poem, which, if in some degree an echo of the song in Tennyson's "Brook," is still most delightful for buoyancy of style and felicity of expression, and wonderfully vigorous for such a veteran. Mr. Thomas Hardy begins a new novel, "Two on a Tower," which promises well. There are also excellent papers on "The Arrival of Man in Europe," "The Evolution of Magic," and the recent financial panic in France. *Harper* has beautifully illustrated papers on "Spanish Vistas" and "Northern Michigan," with others abundantly strewn with portraits of Austrian musicians and London poets—the latter including portraits of Messrs. Gosse, Lang, Marston, and others whose features have not previously been made familiar to the public.

Temple Bar contains one very brilliant paper—"George Sand in Berry," where extracts from the great writer's own "Promenades" and eloquent sentiment of the English author's own composition combine to produce a singularly attractive essay. "Madame Malibran's Marriage" tells how the great singer was victimised by her unworthy father; and there is much amusing matter in the reminiscences of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. *London Society* has several entertaining contributions, especially "Lady Students at Cambridge," and "The Lost Arts of Conversation and Letter-Writing."

At Tuesday's meeting of the Council of the Central Chamber of Agriculture it was resolved, upon the motion of Earl Fortescue, to request the Ministry to bring in a bill during this Session on local government and taxation, in order that the country might have an opportunity of considering its provisions during the recess.

At the recent Naval and Submarine Exhibition in the Agricultural Hall, Mr. Richard Roper, of New-cross, S.E., gained the first prize of one hundred guineas for his self-launching bridge life-raft, "as affording the readiest means, in case of shipwreck, of saving collectively a large number of persons and supporting them above water for a lengthened period;" and Messrs. J. and A. W. Birt the fifty-guinea prize "for their contrivances of cork mattresses, hammocks, cushions, seats, &c., for supporting individually persons in the water till further assistance can be rendered."

The Registrar-General reports that 2490 births and 1520 deaths were registered in London last week. The deaths included 16 from smallpox, 57 from measles, 32 from scarlet fever, 14 from diphtheria, 129 from whooping-cough, 15 from enteric fever, 14 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one either from typhus, simple continued fever, or simple cholera. A carman died in the Hackney Workhouse Infirmary on April 22 from "senile decay," whose age was stated to be one hundred years. In Greater London 3121 births and 1828 deaths were registered.

T H E R O Y A L W E D D I N G .



THE BRIDEGROOM'S PROCESSION TO THE ALTAR.



THE NEWLY MARRIED PAIR LEAVING THE CHAPEL.

T H E R O Y A L W E D D I N G .



ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ALBANY AT CLAREMONT.

NEW HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.

The strong interest now taken in the stage and all dramatic matters could not be better illustrated than in the steady increase of theatrical books and histories. For a very long time in the immediate memory of most modern playgoers they were a perfect drug in the market. Relatively speaking, America took more interest in dramatic literature than England, and all scarce editions, illustrated books and rare prints found their way to the other side of the Atlantic. Such valuable collections as those made by the late Mr. Lacy, of the Strand, which never ought to have been scattered, were bought up by our American cousins, and of all known arts that of the drama has been more written about in newspapers but less preserved than any other. There was a time when the published criti-

cisms of Hazlitt and Charles Lamb commanded a ready sale, and it has been assumed in consequence that the art of dramatic criticism has been lost since that date. Leigh Hunt's collected criticisms from the *Examiner* is so rare a book that few theatrical libraries possess it; Professor Morley's *Journal of a Playgoer* is out of print, and is comparatively valueless on account of the absence of an index; that fine compendium of modern criticism known as "Actors and Acting" does not contain a tenth part of the dramatic essays of George Henry Lewes; and writers like John Oxenford, Shirley Brooks, and Frederick Tomlins are buried for ever in the files of innumerable newspapers. The time will come when interest will be taken in thoughtful, analytical criticism, united or not to the pictures of contemporary performers. Meanwhile, it is encouraging to find a revived interest in the

History of the Stage as told by means of official record, accurate description, and enlivening anecdote. Our Histories of the Stage are few and far between. They are not consecutive, and are, for the most part, dull. Dibden's History is a dreary book; Geneste, who begins at 1600 and ends at 1830, is invaluable in its way but clumsily done, and a mere boiling down of collected facts and scraps from playbills exhaustively ransacked; Dr. Doran, a far more entertaining and lively author, in his annals of the stage called "Their Majesties' Servants," only takes up the period embraced between the reigns of Thomas Betterton and Edmund Kean; authors of research and literary skill like Mr. Dutton Cook, Mr. Sutherland Edwards, and others, have contented themselves with reprinting their magazine articles in handy and appropriate form; and men

T H E R O Y A L W E D D I N G .



DEPARTURE OF THE NEWLY MARRIED PAIR FROM WINDSOR.



PASSING THROUGH ESHER.

WEDDING GIFTS TO THE DUKE OF ALBANY.



PRESENTED BY CHRIST CHURCH SOCIETY, OXFORD.



CENTREPIECE, PRESENTED BY NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF SCOTLAND.



PRESENTED BY CHRIST CHURCH SOCIETY, OXFORD.

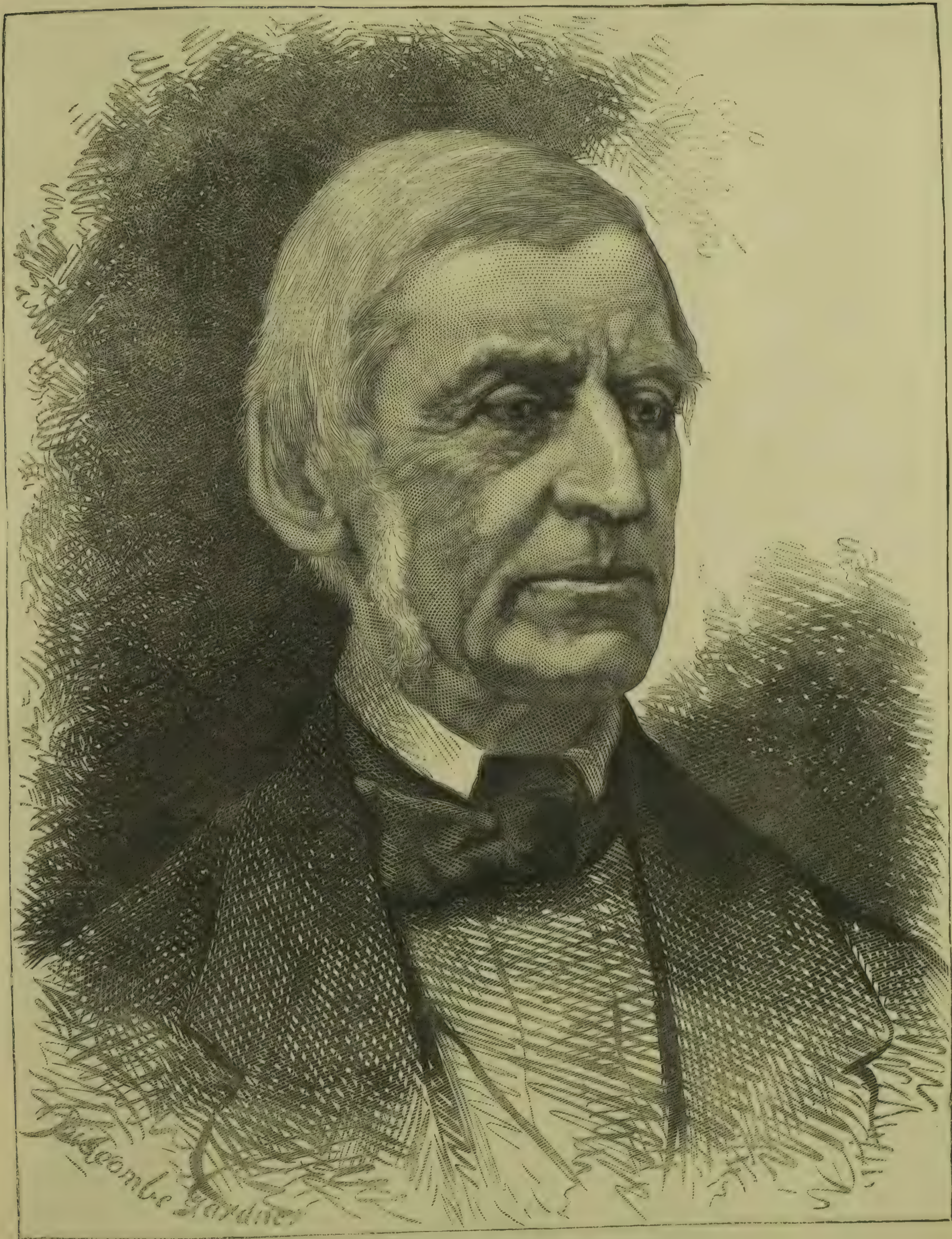
BURNING OF THE ABERDEEN MARKET BUILDINGS.

On Saturday last, at eight in the evening, a fire broke out in the old Market Buildings at Aberdeen, which were soon entirely destroyed. These buildings, which were erected forty years ago, at a cost of £30,000, consisted of galleries with stalls occupied by two hundred shopkeepers. The fire broke out in the shop of a basket-maker named Ogg. A woman and a little girl were left in charge of the shop, and it is believed that the fire was caused by the child dropping a lighted paper among some inflammable material. It was just the time

when on Saturday night the greatest crowds were in the building. The people of the other shops and the visitors at once perceived their danger, and a rush was made to the staircases. In a few minutes dense volumes of smoke filled the gallery, and it was impossible for anyone to remain without the risk of being suffocated. An old man named Crichton, a street porter, was either knocked down by the rush of people or was overcome by the smoke; his body, burnt almost to a cinder, was discovered after the fire had burnt out. The shopkeepers in the lower floor made their escape without being able to save any of their effects. An illustration is seen below.



BURNING OF THE ABERDEEN PUBLIC MARKETS.



THE LATE RALPH WALDO EMERSON.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

Some account of the Marriage of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, to Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, was given in our last week's publication, to accompany the Portraits of their Royal Highnesses, which were engraved for the Extra Supplement. But the Marriage Ceremony took place on Thursday week, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor; and our Illustrations of the scenes which took place there were necessarily deferred to this week's Number of our Journal. The arrival of Princess Helen, on the Tuesday, with her parents, brother, and sister, who came to England by way of Flushing and Queenborough, crossing the sea in the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, is also the subject of two Illustrations now presented to our readers. We present, moreover, a few Sketches of the departure of the newly-married Royal Pair from Windsor after the wedding, and of their arrival at Esher and Claremont, with the public demonstrations of rejoicing and well-wishing that greeted them in the neighbourhood of their future home.

The Royal yacht, which had been sent over to Flushing to convey the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, with their children, to the English shore, arrived at Queenborough, near Sheerness, before eight o'clock in the morning on Tuesday week. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, attended by Admiral the Hon. C. Elliot, went down from London to meet their Serene Highnesses on board the vessel. They landed at eleven o'clock. Princess Helen, her father and mother, her sister, Princess Elizabeth, her young brother, the Hereditary Prince Fritz, and her brother-in-law, the Hereditary Prince of Bentheim, composed the Waldeck family party. They were attended by Lord Torrington, one of the Queen's Lords in Waiting, and by several German Barons and Baronesses, and other members of the small Court of Waldeck. The Mayor, Town Clerk, and Corporation of Queenborough presented an address of welcome, to which Princess Helen replied in English, "Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—I beg to thank you for the kind reception you have given me on coming to my English home. I can assure you that I appreciate your good wishes, and you have my hearty thanks." Prince Christian said a few words to the same effect. Miss Filmer, daughter of the Mayor, presented a bouquet to the Princess. Many of the naval and military officers of the district, including Admiral Sir Reginald Macdonald, Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, and Major-General Sir Evelyn Wood, in command at Chatham, were among those assembled to meet the distinguished visitors. They travelled in a special saloon-train by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway to Clapham Junction, and thence by the London and South-Western Railway to Windsor, arriving there at half-past one o'clock. At the Windsor Station they were met by the Duke of Albany, with his brother, the Duke of Connaught; three of his sisters, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Princess Helena (Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein), and Princess Beatrice; with the Grand Duke of Hesse. The Mayor and Corporation of Windsor attended to pay their respects to Princess Helen and her family, and the town was gaily decorated. At the grand entrance of Windsor Castle, her Majesty the Queen, with one of her grandchildren, Princess Victoria of Hesse, received Princess Helen and her parents, and conducted these honoured guests to their apartments in the Lancaster Tower.

The wedding-day, Thursday week, favoured by fine weather, passed off most successfully, and drew to Windsor a numerous and distinguished company of visitors. The Ministers of State, the Foreign Ambassadors, and other invited guests of the Queen, went thither by a special train, arriving at eleven o'clock. There was a guard of honour at the Castle, formed of the Scots Guards, in the Quadrangle, with one of the 72nd Highlanders in the Castle Yard, and the 1st Berks Volunteers kept the road up the Castle Hill. In St. George's Chapel, the invited spectators of the marriage ceremony were received by the Hon. S. Ponsonby Fane, Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department, and were shown to their seats in the Knights' stalls of the choir, and in the other pews and seats. The Lord Chancellor and Lady Selborne, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Earl and Countess Granville, Sir William and Lady Harcourt, Earl and Countess Spencer, the Marquis of Hartington, and other Cabinet Ministers, with ladies, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote, Sir R. A. Cross, and other members of the late Ministry, were among the first to appear there. The Ministers and ex-Ministers, as a rule, wore the crimson Windsor uniform, but Mr. Bright wore a plain suit of black velvet. Many of the nobility were in this company, and many officers of distinction in the military and naval services. The nave of the chapel, and the western entrance, were guarded by the Gentlemen-at-Arms, and the Yeomen of the Guard.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Winchester, Oxford, and Worcester, with other clergy, took their places within the rails of the altar. At twelve o'clock there was a flourish of trumpets, and Sir George Elvey played a wedding march on the organ as the first procession from the castle entered and passed up the chapel. It consisted of the Royal Princes and Princesses, and others, who were not engaged in the separate processions of the Bride and Bridegroom. After the Heralds leading the way, and several of the high officials of the Queen's Household, came their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Duke of Cambridge, with Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Queen of the Netherlands (the bride's sister), the Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, the young Prince Frederick and Princess Elizabeth of Waldeck-Pyrmont. The Princess of Wales was accompanied by her three daughters. She wore a dress of pale blue brocade, embossed with flowers and trimmed with silver, a jupe of antique satin, with a cloud of fine Brussels lace, and a train of brocade, richly trimmed with silver and lace, which was borne by the Countess of Morton and Miss Knollys; her Royal Highness also wore a diamond necklace. Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales were dressed in pale-blue satin, trimmed in crêpe lisse, and tied with broad sashes of



BADGE OF ORDER OF THE THISTLE,
GIFT OF SCOTTISH FRIENDS.

brocade. The Royal personages were conducted to the stools placed for them on the haut pas or dais in front of the altar; the floor there was carpeted with blue velvet, and the seats were covered with blue silk damask. The chair set for her Majesty was of crimson and gold, adorned with the badge of the Garter.

The Queen entered the chapel a few minutes afterwards. She was received by the Lord Steward (Earl Sydney), and the Lord Chamberlain (the Earl of Kenmare), with the Vice-Chamberlain (Lord Charles Bruce), the Treasurer of the Household (Earl of Breadalbane) and Comptroller of the Household (Lord Kensington), who conducted her Majesty and Princess Beatrice to their seats.

The Queen wore a dress and train of black satin, embroidered with black and white chenille and pearls, and a skirt and bodice trimmed with the same Honiton lace that she wore at her own marriage, with the same wedding veil of Honiton lace for her head-dress, surmounted by the Royal Crown in diamonds. Her Majesty also wore a necklace and earrings of large diamonds, the Koh-i-noor as a brooch, the ribbon and star of the Order of the Garter, and the Orders of Victoria and Albert and the Star of India. Princess Beatrice was attired in a train and bodice of Pompadour satin trimmed with shaded roses, and a skirt of Argenton lace over salmon-coloured satin; her head-dress was of feathers, and a veil, with diamond bees; she wore the Orders of St. Catherine of Russia, the Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, and the Saxe-Coburg and Gotha Family. The young Princess Victoria of Hesse walked beside Princess Beatrice. The Queen's train was borne by the Groom of the Robes, Mr. H. D. Erskine of Cardross, assisted by two pages of honour; the train of Princess Beatrice, by Lady Churchill. Her Majesty was preceded by the great officers of her Court, above-named, with the Clerk Marshal, Lord Alfred Paget, Sir Albert Woods, Garter-King-at-Arms, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, General Sir H. Ponsonby, the Lord in Waiting, the Earl of Dalhousie, the Gentlemen Ushers, Groom in Waiting, and an Equerry. The Queen and Princesses were followed by the Mistress of the Robes (Duchess of Bedford), the Lady of the Bedchamber (Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh), and the Master of the Horse (Duke of Westminster), with two Maids of Honour and one Woman of the Bedchamber. The procession ended with the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard (Lord Monson), the Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms (Lord Carrington), the Master of the Buckhounds (Earl of Cork), the Master of the Queen's Household (Major-General Sir John Cowell), the Bearers of the Gold Stick (Lord Strathnairn) and of the Silver Stick (Colonel Burnaby), and the Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department; behind whom, as in the other processions, marched six Gentlemen-at-Arms and six Yeomen of the Guard.

The Bridegroom's procession then came in, ushered by the Chester and Lancaster Heralds; in which the Comptroller of the Duke of Albany's Household, Mr. R. H. Collins, and the Lord Steward, and the Comptroller and Treasurer of the

Queen's Household, led the way for his Royal Highness: who, being slightly lame from a recent accident, walked with a stick, and was supported on the right hand by the Prince of Wales, his brother, and on the left hand by his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke of Hesse, followed by the gentlemen in attendance on their Royal Highnesses. The Duke of Albany wore the uniform of a Colonel of an infantry regiment; the Prince of Wales was attired in a Field Marshal's uniform, with many Orders and decorations. The bridegroom, after bowing to the Queen, took his seat on the right hand; the other Princes stood beside him.

The Bride's procession, including the eight bridesmaids, unmarried daughters of Dukes, Marquises, and Earls, was the last to enter, having been formed close to a temporary pavilion erected in the side aisle, for the accommodation of the bridesmaids while kept waiting. Princess Helen walked between her father, the Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and her brother-in-law, the King of the Netherlands, each holding one of her hands. Her bridal dress was entirely of rich white satin; the skirt had small openings, through which masses of orange-blossom and myrtle could be seen. It was trimmed with two robings of point d'Alençon lace, the corners of which merged in the long train, which was flaked with silver, embroidered with large bunches of silver fleur-de-lys, in relief, and bordered with white satin ruchings and point d'Alençon lace. The eight bridesmaids were Lady Mary Campbell, daughter of the Duke of Argyll; Lady Eryntrude Russell, daughter of the Duke of Bedford; Lady Alexandra Vane-Tempest, daughter of the Marquis of Londonderry; Lady Blanche Butler, daughter of the late Marquis of Ormonde; Lady Anne Lindsay, daughter of the late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres; Lady Florence Anson, daughter of the Earl of Lichfield; Lady Feodore Yorke, daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke; and Lady Florence Bootle-Wilbraham, daughter of the Earl of Lathom. Their dresses were of thick white satin and moiré

Française; the jupes edged with small scallops, and ornamented with flounces of pearled net, and with bouquets of primroses, violets, and white heather; the bodices were ornamented likewise with stomachers of pearls and net. Each lady had two rows of pearls round her neck, and shoes with pearl buckles, and carried a bouquet of the flowers above named, with a smaller bouquet on her breast.

When the bride had taken her place to the left hand, the bridesmaids standing behind her, supported by the Lord Chamberlain and the Vice-Chamberlain, the marriage service was read by the Archbishop of Canterbury, while the sunlight shone in through the gorgeous stained-glass windows, filling the Chapel with beautiful colour. The bride and bridegroom, side by side at the altar, made the due responses to the questions put to them; the bride was given away by her father, and the bridegroom put the wedding-ring on her finger; finally the Archbishop pronounced the benediction. The Duke of Albany led his wife to the Queen, who took her in her arms, and kissed her on both cheeks; her father and mother also kissed her. The combined procession was then formed, and walked down the Chapel; the organ playing Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and the newly-made husband bowing right and left to the company, in response to their salutations.

As the Royal party came out of St. George's Chapel, and re-entered their carriages, the Duke and Duchess of Albany, as well as the Queen, received from the people outside a cordial expression of joyful and respectful goodwill. They went into the Castle, and met again in the Green Drawing-room, where the register of the marriage was signed. The Queen then received all her invited guests, and déjeuner or luncheon was served, for the Royal personages in the Dining-room, and for the other guests in the Waterloo Gallery, where the Lord Steward proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom and that of the Queen. At eight o'clock in the evening her Majesty gave a state banquet in St. George's Hall to more than a hundred guests, herself sitting at table with them. The King and Queen of Holland, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and all the Royal family were present; and the appearance of the hall, with the whole collection of gold plate belonging to the Crown exhibited on the buffets and sideboards, was very magnificent.

The newly-married Royal pair had left Windsor at a quarter past four o'clock, in an open carriage drawn by four grey horses, with outriders and an escort of Life Guards. The Queen saw them off from the doors of the Castle, waving her handkerchief as they drove away; and there was a shower of rice and satin slippers thrown after them, "for luck," by the Princes and Princesses. The people of Windsor heartily cheered the Duke and Duchess of Albany as they passed through the town and into the Long Walk. At the Royal Tapestry Manufactory there was a triumphal arch; and Mr. Henry, the Director, held up a little child, a girl three years old, to give the Princess a bouquet. Similar compliments were offered to her Royal Highness at other places along the road. In the village of Esher, more elaborate festive preparations had been made.

There was a series of beautiful arches, formed of foliage and flowers, with a floral pavilion at the turning to Claremont; the whole tastefully designed by Mr. F. J. Williamson, sculptor, and constructed by Messrs. Garrod and Pratt, of Esher. The Duke and Duchess of Albany reached the village about six o'clock; and, in the floral pavilion, received an address of congratulation from the Rector, the Rev. S. L. Warren, and the Churchwardens of the parish. His Royal Highness, in thanking them, and all the ladies and gentlemen of Esher there assembled, said of himself and of the Duchess, "We both feel the greatest satisfaction in the thought that the first days of our married life will be spent at Esher, for it is here that we shall hope, for the future, to centre our local cares and interests. We congratulate ourselves on possessing Claremont as a residence, and we hopefully anticipate spending the greater portion of our days here."

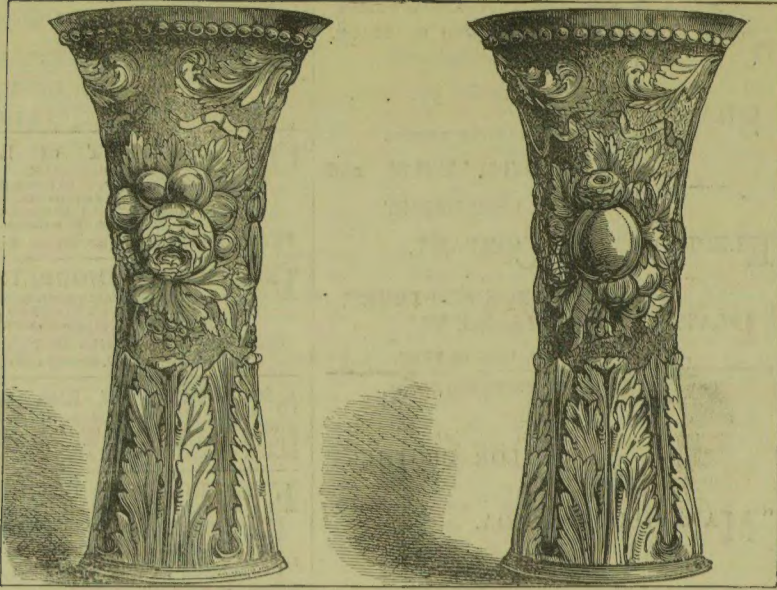
Some of the Wedding Gifts presented to the Duke of Albany upon this pleasant occasion will be found represented among our minor Illustrations. A number of Scottish noblemen and gentlemen, personal friends of his Royal Highness, gave him a star of enamel and diamonds, the badge of the Ancient National Order of the Thistle; also a handsome centrepiece for the table, a richly chased silver plateau, surmounted by a large and finely chased silver candelabrum with branches for ten lights, and sculptured at the base with a fine group of dogs and stag at bay. The



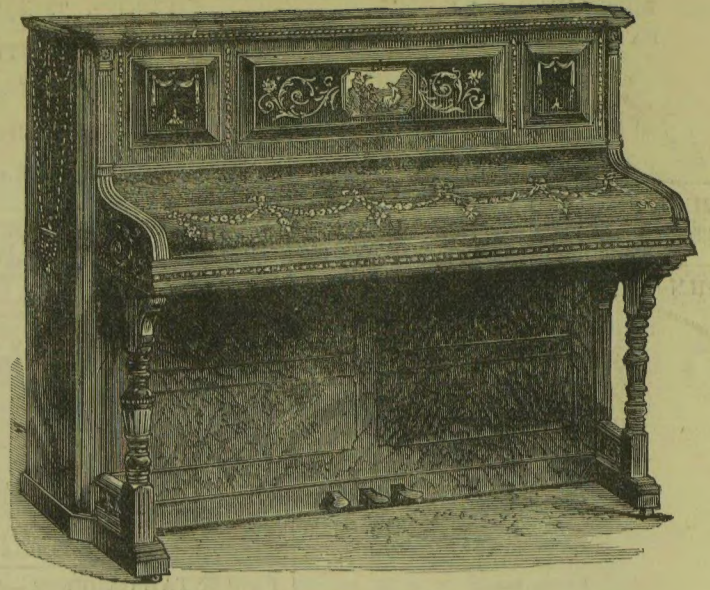
LEATHER CARD-BASKET, BY F. A. DEER, OF NEATH.



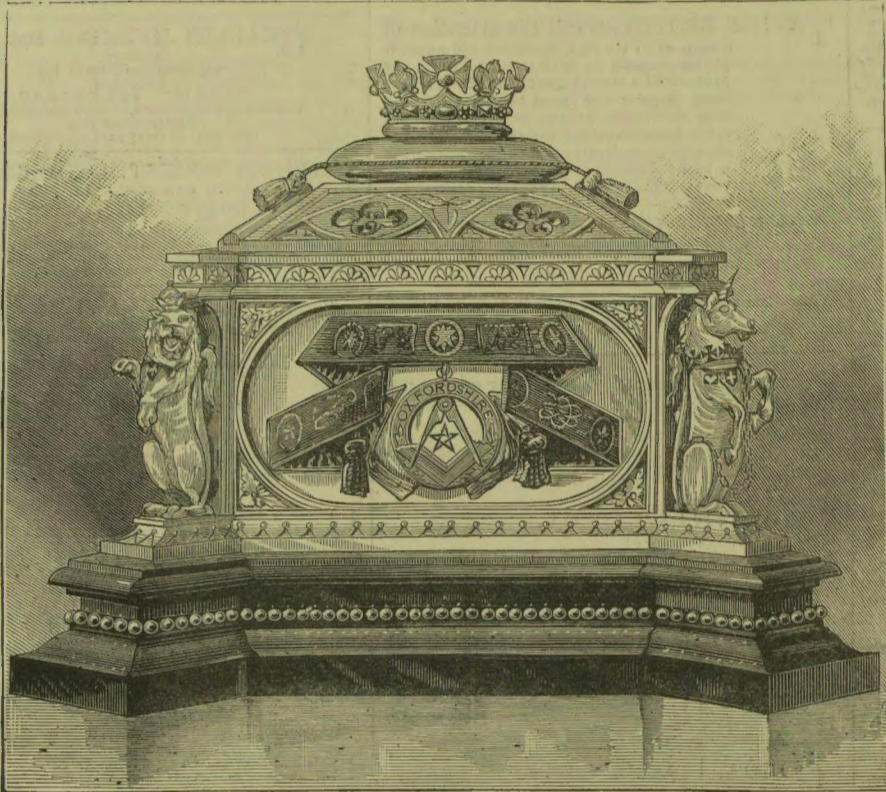
THE ROYAL WEDDING: THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.



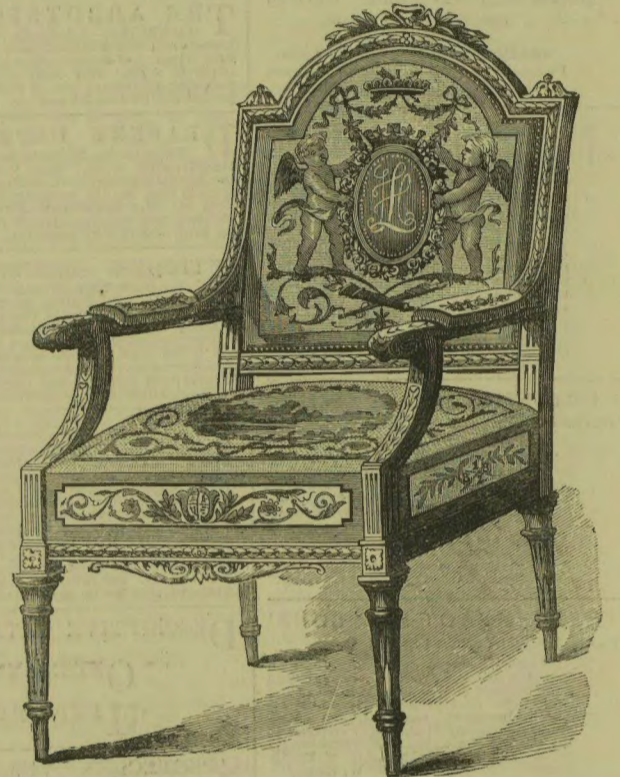
SILVER BEAKERS GIVEN BY THE FREEMASONS OF WILTSHIRE.



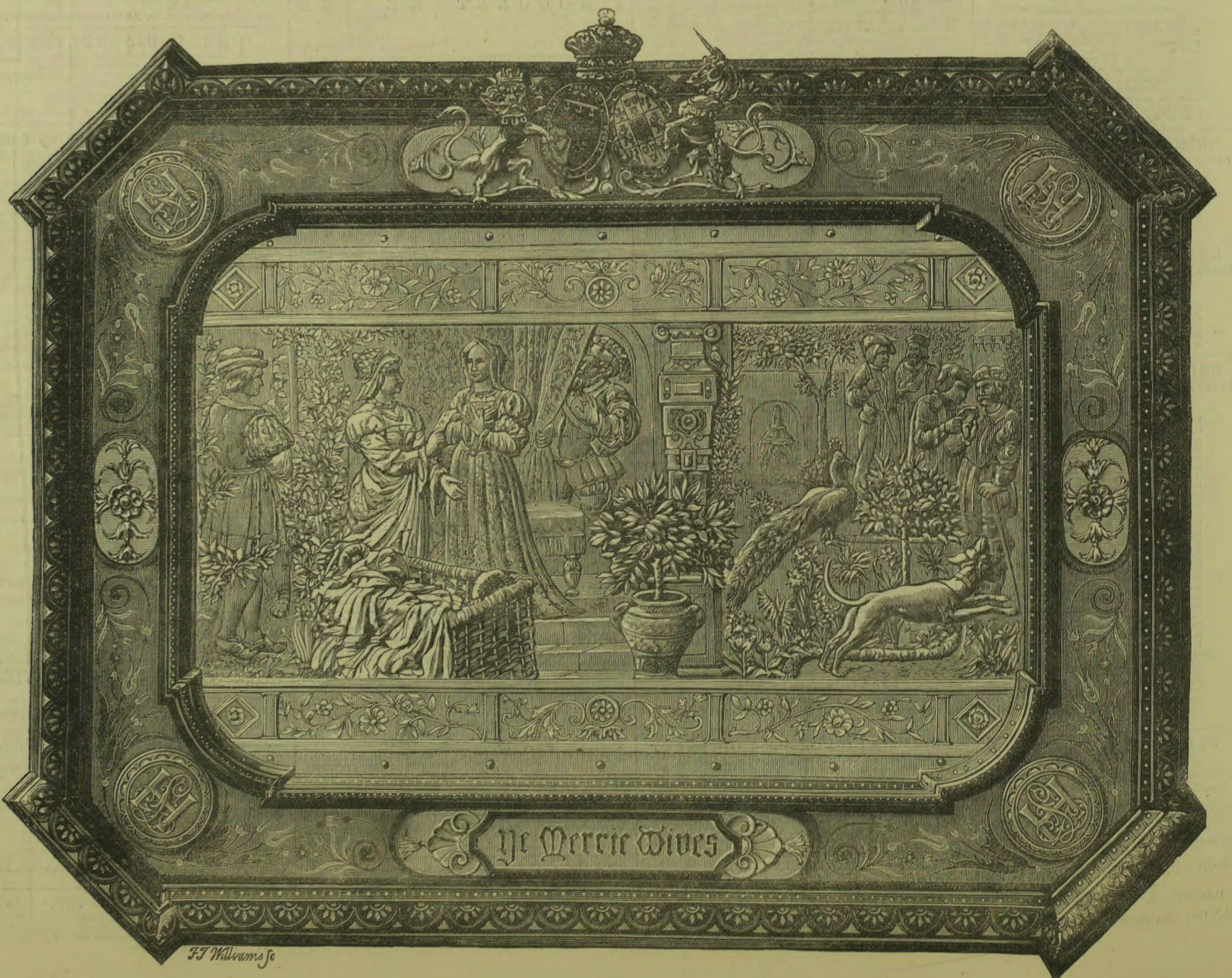
PIANOFORTE GIVEN BY WORKPEOPLE OF MESSRS. BRINSMEAD.



SILVER CASKET GIVEN BY FREEMASONS OF OXFORDSHIRE.



CHAIR GIVEN BY THE WINDSOR TAPESTRY MANUFACTORY.



PLAQUE IN REPOUSSÉ GIVEN BY SIR ALBERT SASSOON.

WEDDING GIFTS TO THE DUKE OF ALBANY.



1. Epping Forest—High Beach in the distance. 2. The Fringe of the Forest at Chingford Station. 3. Epping. 4. The Recreation Ground. 5. A Glade in the Forest, High Beach. 6. The Manor House, High Beach. 7. Queen Elizabeth's Hunting Lodge, Chingford. 8. Interior of Queen Elizabeth's Hunting Lodge. 9. Amblesbury Banks.

OPENING OF EPPING FOREST BY THE QUEEN: VIEWS IN THE FOREST.

